

A dynamic comic book illustration of Batman in his blue and black suit, with a yellow utility belt. He is shown from the chest up, emerging from a pile of grey rubble. His face is partially obscured by his mask, showing a wide, toothy grin. His hands, clad in blue gauntlets, are clenched into fists, resting on the debris. The background is a mix of grey rubble and a bright orange-yellow light source, possibly the sun or a fire, creating a dramatic, high-contrast scene.

# BATMAN<sup>®</sup>

DARK KNIGHT TRIUMPHANT

BY  
**FRANK MILLER**  
WITH  
**KLAUS JANSON**  
AND  
**LYNN VARLEY**

BOOK TWO • \$2.95  
\$4.50 IN CANADA



FM/LV



DARK  
KNIGHT  
TRIUMPHANT

PROBLEM WITH CRIME IS  
THE MORE YOU KNOW, THE  
MORE NERVOUS IT MAKES  
YOU.



I PASS A LIQUOR STORE,  
RUN MY EYES OVER THE RIGID  
FEATURES OF THE HUNK OF  
METAL THAT USED TO BE A  
FRIENDLY MERCHANT.



I CURSE SARAH, NOT  
MEANING IT, FOR HER  
HIPPIE VEGETARIAN  
RECIPES AND THE BEAN  
SPROUTS SHE FORGOT  
TO PICK UP.



DYING NEVER SEEMED  
REAL TO ME WHEN I WAS  
YOUNG...



ME, I CAN'T LOOK AT THAT  
DOORWAY OVER THERE  
WITHOUT THINKING OF THE  
SEVENTY-TWO CORPSES I'VE  
FOUND IN SPOTS LIKE THAT...



I WONDER HOW MANY MEN  
HE'S HAD TO KILL, JUST  
TO STAY IN BUSINESS.



THEN MY CIGAR DOES ITS  
USUAL AND I COUGH UP  
A LOAD OF THE BROWN  
STUFF.



FOR SOME REASON I WANT  
TO SEE BRUCE -- NOT TO  
TALK... I MEAN SURE, TO  
TALK, AND MAYBE TO  
DRINK, EVEN THOUGH HE  
SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN  
THAT UP.



...SHOT OR STABBED OR  
JUST BEATEN TO DEATH  
BECAUSE THEY WERE TOO  
STUPID TO KEEP THEIR  
DISTANCE.



I SEE A HIGH-PRICED CAR,  
GLEAMING LIKE NEW IN  
THE STREETLIGHT, ONCE A  
SYMBOL OF WEALTH AND  
POWER, NOW JUST ANOTHER  
TARGET IN A CITY OF  
VICTIMS.



I'M AMAZED--AS MY HEAD  
GOES LIGHT AND THE SPOTS  
DANCE IN FRONT OF ME--  
THAT SHE CONVINCED ME  
NOT TO SMOKE IN MY OWN  
HOME.



SUDDENLY THE HAIR  
BRISTLES ON THE BACK OF  
MY NECK.



TOO STUPID, OR TOO  
CIVILIZED. ONE'S THE  
SAME AS THE OTHER IN  
GOTHAM CITY.



A YOUNG BOY DASHES PAST  
ME, HEALTHY, DIRTY, AND  
BEAUTIFUL.

YOU DON'T  
WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT HE MAKES  
ME THINK OF.



THEN I SUCK IT AGAIN.



I HEAR A GIRLISH GIGGLE  
AND THE COLD, OILED  
SOUND OF A GUN BEING  
COCKED BEHIND ME.



I SEE THE FACE OF A KILLER WHO  
ISN'T YET OLD ENOUGH TO SHAVE.

I THINK OF SARAH.

THE REST IS EASY.

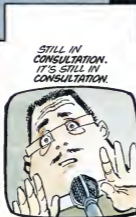


...THE COUNCIL OF MOTHERS TODAY PETITIONED THE MAYOR TO ISSUE A WARRANT FOR THE IMMEDIATE ARREST OF THE BATMAN, CITING HIM AS A HARMFUL INFLUENCE ON THE CHILDREN OF GOTHAM.

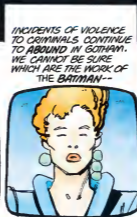
ANOTHER PETITION ON THE MAYOR'S DESK CAME FROM THE VICTIMS' RIGHTS TASK FORCE, DEMANDING AN OFFICIAL SANCTION OF THE VIGILANTE'S ACTIVITIES...



THE MAYOR SPOKE TO REPORTERS THIS AFTERNOON ...



STILL IN CONSULTATION. IT'S STILL IN CONSULTATION.

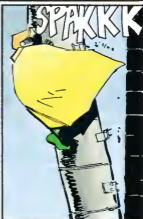
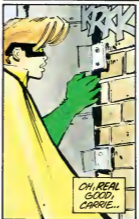
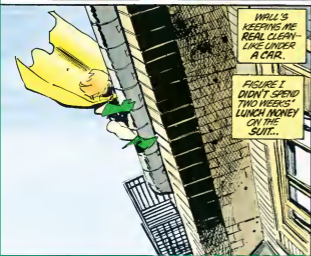
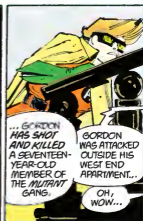


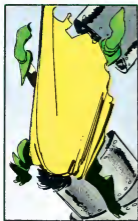
INCIDENTS OF VIOLENCE TO CRIMINALS CONTINUE TO ABOUND IN GOTHAM. WE CANNOT BE SURE WHICH ARE THE WORK OF THE BATMAN--



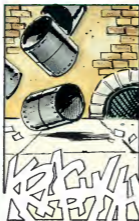
--AND WHICH HE HAS INSPIRED.

EXCUSE ME--





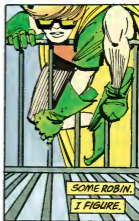
COMMISSIONER--  
YOU JUST SHOT A  
BOY. HOW DOES  
THAT FEEL?  
COMMISSIONER?...?



THANK YOU, HERNANDO.  
THIS IS THE THIRD  
ATTEMPT ON GORDON'S LIFE  
IN THE THREE WEEKS SINCE  
THE LEADER OF THE  
MUTANT ORGANIZATION  
MADE HIS VIDEOTAPE  
DEATH TREAT...



WE WILL KILL THE OLD  
MAN GORDON. HIS WOMEN  
WILL WEEP FOR HIM. WE  
WILL CHOP HIM. WE WILL  
GRIND HIM. WE WILL  
BATHE IN HIS BLOOD.



SOME ROBIN.  
I FIGURE.

I MYSELF WILL KILL THE  
FOOL BATMAN. I WILL  
RIP THE MEAT FROM HIS  
BONES AND SUCK THEM  
DRY. I WILL EAT HIS  
HEART AND DRAG HIS  
BODY THROUGH THE  
STREET.



DON'T CALL US A GANG.  
DON'T CALL US CRIMINALS.  
WE ARE THE LAW. WE ARE  
THE FUTURE. GOTHAM CITY  
BELONGS TO THE MUTANTS.  
SOON THE WORLD WILL  
BE OURS.



GORDON, FACING MANDATORY  
RETIREMENT LATER THIS  
WEEK, HAS OFFERED TO  
STAY AT THE JOB UNTIL THE  
MUTANT CRISIS HAS BEEN  
RESOLVED. POLICE MEDIA  
RELATIONS DIRECTOR LOUIS  
GALLAGHER HAD THIS TO SAY...



NICE OF JIM TO OFFER, BUT  
I THINK WE ALL KNOW  
THINGS 'LL COOL OUT ONCE  
HE STEPS DOWN. THE  
MUTANTS HAVE A THING  
ABOUT HIM... NO, I THINK  
IT'S TIME FOR NEW BLOOD...



STRANGELY, THAT "NEW BLOOD"  
HAS YET TO BE OFFICIALLY  
ANNOUNCED. WHILE  
INSPECTOR JOHN DALE  
SEEMS TO BE THE OBVIOUS  
CHOICE, THE MAYOR HAS  
YET TO COMMIT HIMSELF...



I'M STILL POOLING  
OPINIONS.  
I'M STILL POOLING  
OPINIONS.



WITH A SCANT SIX HOURS  
REMAINING, THE QUESTIONS  
HANGS IN THE AIR--WHO  
WILL REPLACE JIM GORDON?  
AND WHAT WILL BECOME  
THE OFFICIAL POSITION ON  
THE BATMAN? TOM?

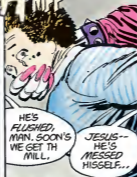
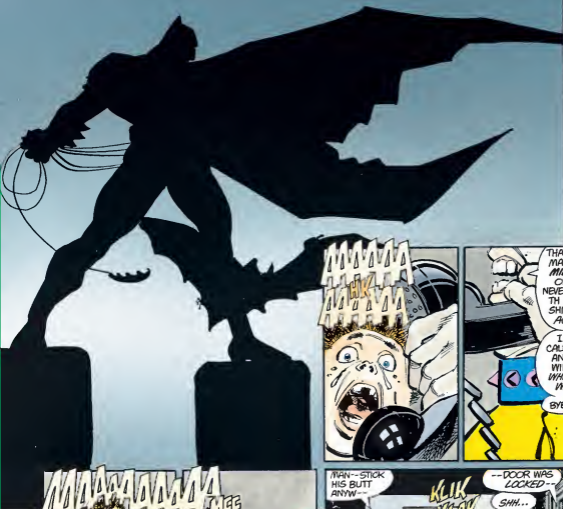


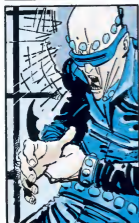
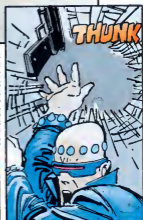
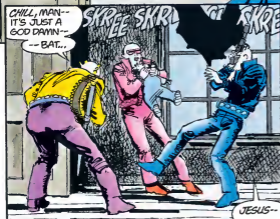
GOOD QUESTION, LOLA.  
MRS. JOYCE RIDLEY WAS  
ADMITTED TO A PRIVATE  
HOSPITAL UPSTATE FOR  
PSYCHIATRIC OBSERVATION  
FOLLOWING HER COLLAPSE  
THIS MORNING.



HER TEN-MONTH BABY,  
KEVIN, HEIR TO THE  
RIDLEY CHEVINGS GUM  
FORTUNE, IS STILL  
MISSING. ANYONE WITH  
INFORMATION IS URGED  
TO CALL THE CRISIS  
HOTLINE...

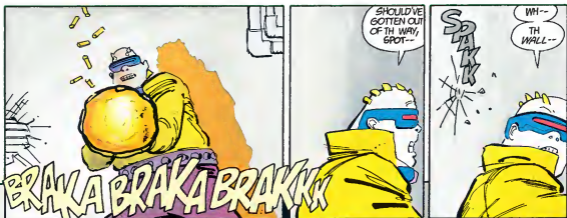






BRAKA  
BRAKA  
BRAKA  
BRAKA  
BRAKA







... A RUTHLESS, MONSTROUS VIGILANTE, STRIKING AT THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR DEMOCRACY--MALICIOUSLY OPPOSED TO THE PRINCIPLES THAT MAKE OURS THE MOST NOBLE NATION IN THE WORLD--AND THE KINDEST...

... FRANKLY, I'M SURPRISED THERE AREN'T A HUNDRED LIKE HIM OUT THERE-- A THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE FED UP WITH TERROR--WITH STUPID LAWS AND SOCIAL COWARDICE. HE'S ONLY TAKING BACK WHAT'S OURS...



THESE--AND MANY, MANY OTHERS--ARE THE REACTIONS TO A PHENOMENON THAT HAS STRUCK A NERVE CENTER IN OUR SOCIETY-- THE RETURN OF THE BATMAN.

TONIGHT, WE WILL EXAMINE HIS IMPACT ON OUR CONSCIOUSNESS. FROM METROPOLIS--WE HAVE LANA LANG, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE DAILY PLANET...

... JOINING US FROM GOTHAM CITY--DR. BARTHOLOMEW WOLPER, POPULAR PSYCHOLOGIST AND SOCIAL SCIENTIST, AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLING "HEY--I'M OKAY"...

... WITH US TONIGHT FROM HIS OFFICE IN WASHINGTON-- PRESIDENTIAL MEDIA ADVISOR CHUCK BRICK,



DR. WOLPER--YOU HAVE CLAIMED THAT THE BATMAN IS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIMES HE FIGHTS. STILL, CRIME RATES HAVE SHOWN A STEADY DROP IN THE WEEKS SINCE HIS RETURN. HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME THAT QUESTION, TED. IT IS TRUE THAT THIS BATMAN HAS TERRORIZED THE ECONOMICALLY DIS-ADVANTAGED AND SOCIALLY MISALIGNED--BUT HIS EFFECTS ARE FAR FROM POSITIVE.

PICTURE THE PUBLIC PSYCHE AS A VAST, MOIST MEMBRANE --THROUGH THE MEDIA, BATMAN HAS STRUCK THIS MEMBRANE A VICIOUS BLOW, AND IT HAS RECOILED. HENCE YOUR ANGLEADING STATISTICS.

BUT YOU SEE, TED, THE MEMBRANE IS FLEXIBLE--AND PERMEABLE. HERE THE MORE SIGNIFICANT EFFECTS OF THE BLOW BECOME CALCULABLE, EVEN PREDICTABLE. TO WIT--



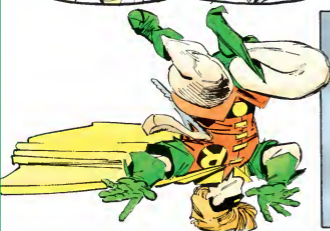
EVERY ANTI-SOCIAL ACT CAN BE TRACED TO IRRESPONSIBLE MEDIA INPUT. GIVEN THIS, THE PRESENCE OF SUCH AN ABERRANT, VIOLENT FORCE IN THE MEDIA CAN ONLY LEAD TO ANTI-SOCIAL PROGRAMMING.

JUST AS HARVEY DENT-- WHO'S RECOVERING STEADILY, THANKS FOR ASKING-- ASSUMED THE ROLE OF IDEOLOGICAL DOPPELGÄNGER TO THE BATMAN, SO A WHOLE NEW GENERATION, CONFUSED AND ANGRY--

-- WILL BE BENT TO THE MATRIX OF BATMAN'S PATHOLOGICAL SELF-DELUSION. BATMAN IS, IN THIS CONTEXT-- AND PARDON THE TERM-- A SOCIAL DISEASE...

THAT'S THE DUMBEST LOAD OF...

LANA-- PLEASE-- THE NETWORK--



MR. BRICK-- THE PRESIDENT HAS REMAINED SILENT ON THIS ISSUE. DON'T YOU-- AND HE-- FEEL THAT THE NATIONAL UPROAR OVER THE BATMAN WARRANTS, IF NOT ACTION, A STATEMENT OF POSITION?

HECK, TED. HE'LL GET AROUND TO A PRESS CONFERENCE SOONER OR LATER. BUT THE PRESIDENT'S GOT TO KEEP HIS EYE ON THE BIG PICTURE, Y'KNOW? AND THIS BATMAN FLAPTRAP, WELL...

... IT'S NOISY, ALL RIGHT. THAT BIG CAPE AND POINTY EARS -- IT'S GREAT SHOW BIZ. AND YOU KNOW THE PRESIDENT KNOWS HIS SHOW BIZ. YOU JUST KEEP YOUR SHORTS ON, TED...

... PRETTY SOON NOW THE RATINGS'LL DROP ON THIS ONE AND IT'LL BLOW OVER. BESIDES, I THINK THE WHOLE THING'S JUST AS LIKELY A HOAX. NETWORKS 'VE DONE WORSE.



I MEAN, BATBOY'D BE PUSHING SIXTY BY NOW-- IF HE EVER WAS REAL. FUNNY NOBODY'S EVER TAKEN A PICTURE OF HIM... MIGHTY FUNNY, I SAY...

MISS LANG, YOU ARE THE BATMAN'S MOST VOCAL SUPPORTER. HOW CAN YOU CONDONE BEHAVIOR THAT'S SO BLATANTLY ILLEGAL? WHAT ABOUT DUE PROCESS-- CIVIL RIGHTS?

WE LIVE IN THE SHADOW OF CRIME, TED, WITH THE UNSPOKEN UNDERSTANDING THAT WE ARE VICTIMS-- OF FEAR, OF VIOLENCE, OF SOCIAL IMPOTENCE.

A MAN HAS RISEN TO SHOW US THAT THE POWER IS, AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN, IN OUR HANDS. WE ARE UNDER SIEGE -- HE'S SHOWING US THAT WE CAN RESIST.



LANA-- YOU  
HAVEN'T EXACTLY  
ANSWERED MY  
QUESTION...



NEXT UP...  
FIGHTING  
CRIMES.

DO YOU  
KNOW  
WHO I  
AM,  
PUNK?

WM...

I'M THE  
WORST  
NIGHTMARE  
YOU EVER  
HAD, KIND  
THAT MADE  
YOU WAKE UP  
SCREAMING  
FOR YOUR  
MOTHER.

WM...  
WHERE  
AM I...

YOU'VE  
GOT A  
MOTHER,  
DON'T YOU?  
EVERY PUNK  
SHOULD  
HAVE A  
MOTHER...

C...CAN'T  
SEE, MAN...

WHAT'S...ON  
MY FACE...

QUITE AN  
ARSENAL  
YOU AND  
YOUR BUDDIES  
HAD...

THE .45  
WAS NOTHING  
SPECIAL, OF  
COURSE...

...I THINK  
I'M BLEEDING,  
MAN...I NEED  
A DOCTOR...

...BUT THAT  
SMITH &  
WESSON .41  
YOUR PAIL WAS  
CARRYING--

--YOU KNOW  
WHICH PAIL,  
THE ONE YOU  
PERFORATED--

--THAT  
PISTOL WAS  
ODD

MAN...

ESPECIALLY SINCE  
IT WAS ADAPTED  
FOR A SILENCER.  
YOU JUST DON'T  
RUN ACROSS THAT--  
NOT OUTSIDE OF  
MILITARY  
INTELLIGENCE.

BUT THAT  
MGO OF YOURS  
-- THAT'S  
COMBAT  
WEAPONRY.

SAME KIND  
ANOTHER MEMBER  
OF YOUR GANG  
TRIED TO USE ON  
JIM GORDON.

SO FILL ME  
IN, PUNK--THE  
MUTANTS HAVE  
A WHOLESALE  
DEAL WITH THE  
ARMY?

YOU'VE GOT  
A LOT OF  
TEETH LEFT,  
AND I HAVEN'T  
EVEN TOUCHED  
YOUR TONGUE...

S...SOLID  
MAN...I'LL  
TELL YOU...

...DEAL  
IS...

I DON'T THINK  
YOU UNDERSTAND  
THE SITUATION.  
YOU'RE NOT IN  
A POSITION TO  
NEGOTIATE.

LET ME  
SHOW YOU...

...NO COPS,  
MAN...I  
WALK...

...WHAT  
DO YOU SAY,  
MAN?





IT'S THE TRAIN, THINKS MARGARET CORCORAN. MY LEGS NEVER HURT LIKE THIS WHEN I WAIT THE TABLES.



THE TRAIN--IT WON'T LET THE PAIN LIE IN MY CALVES WHERE I'M USED TO IT.

SHE FEELS THE METAL SQUARE INSIDE HER PURSE AND SMILES.



HER PURSE STRAP BITES INTO HER SHOULDER...



SHE LANDS HARD ON THE CEMENT, BUT IT ONLY HURTS.



ALMOST NOBODY TIPS ANYMORE. BUT AN UPTOWN DRUNK LEFT TEN DOLLARS ON THE TABLE TONIGHT. WHAT WITH THE TURN-OFF NOTICE IT WAS WRONG TO SPEND THE TIP ON THE PAIN.



...AND MARGARET CORCORAN, WHO HAD NOT PLEADED WITH BLUE CROSS WHEN THEY CANCELLED HER INSURANCE OR WITH CITICORP WHEN THEY REPOSSESSED HER CAR...



SHE FEELS THE SQUARE OF METAL AND THANKS GOD AND CAN'T HELP BUT CRY.



VARICOSE VEINS, THE DOCTOR SAID. EASY FOR HIM TO TELL HER TO QUIT HER JOB. EASY FOR HIM TO TALK ABOUT SURGERY.



BUT YOUNG ROBERT'S ART TEACHER SAYS HE HAS TALENT...



THEN SHE FEELS SOMETHING HEAVY AND ROUND LIKE AN APPLE IN HER PURSE...



SURGERY! WITH NO INSURANCE AND TWO PAYMENTS LEFT ON JAMIE'S BRACES AND THE TURN-OFF NOTICE FROM THE ELECTRIC COMPANY WITH WINTER ON ITS WAY.



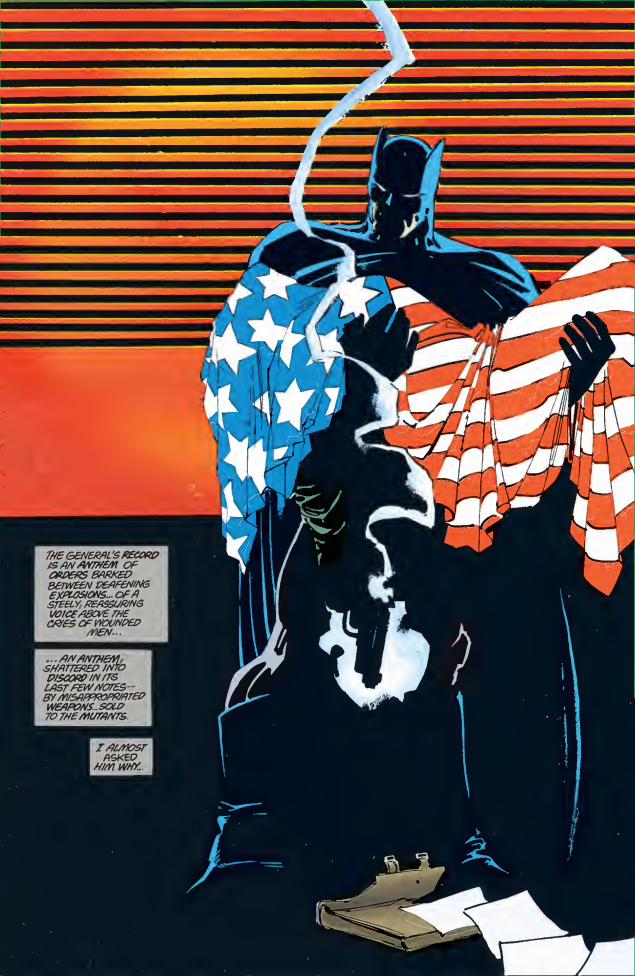
SHE PICTURES ROBERT'S ABLE LITTLE HANDS, HIS EAGER SMILE...



SHE FEELS HER PURSE HIT HER STOMACH AS THE TRAIN RUMBLES TO A STOP. SHE HEARS THEM LAUGH.



WOMAN EXPLODES IN SUBWAY STATION--FILM AT ELEVEN.



THE GENERAL'S RECORD  
IS AN ANTHEM OF  
ORDERS BARKED  
BETWEEN DEAFENING  
EXPLOSIONS... OF A  
STEELY, REASSURING  
VOICE ABOVE THE  
CRIES OF WOUNDED  
MEN...

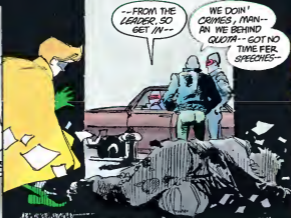
...AN ANTHEM,  
SHATTERED INTO  
DISCORD IN ITS  
LAST FEW NOTES--  
BY MISAPPROPRIATED  
WEAPONS... SOLD  
TO THE MUTANTS.

I ALMOST  
ASKED  
HIM WHY...



SCREECH

WORD'S COME DOWN, MAN--



--FROM THE LEADER. SO GET IN--

WE DOIN' CRIMES, MAN-- AN WE BEHIND QUOTA-- GOT NO TIME FER SPEECHES--



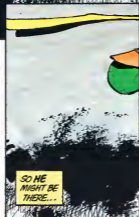
NOT TALKIN SPEECHES, MAN. TALKIN WAR, GOT AN HOUR TO MAKE THE DUMP.

OKAY, OKAY--

THE DUMP  
I LOATHE THE DUMP.



BUT IT'S THE MUTANTS --AND IT SOUNDS MAJOR.



SO HE MIGHT BE THERE...



THE GUARD AT GATE TWELVE IS NOODING OFF WHEN I FIND THE TRUCKS. THEY ARGN'T EVEN LOCKED.

YOU COULD OVERTHROW A SMALL GOVERNMENT WITH THIS RUCK FIREPOWER.



IF IT'S WAR THEY WANT--I'VE GOT JUST THE THINGS...

...POLICE MEDIA DIRECTOR LOUIS GALLAGHER HAS PROMISED AN ANSWER SOON TO THE QUESTION THAT'S ON EVERYONE'S MIND--WHO WILL BE THE NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER OF GOTHAM CITY?...



THE HEAT IS ON, YOUR HONOR...

EXECUTIVE STEAM ROOM

I CAN SEE THAT. CAN'T YOU TELL THAT I CAN SEE THAT?

WISH WE COULD JUST HOLD AN ELECTION...

...JOYUS REUNION OF THE RIDLEY FAMILY. AND NOW, A SAD NOTE--FOUR-STAR GENERAL NATHAN BRIGGS IS DEAD, AN APPARENT SUICIDE. RELATIVES SAY BRIGGS HAD BEEN VIOLENTLY DEPRESSED...

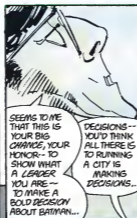
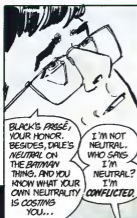
...SINCE HIS INSURANCE COMPANY REFUSED TO SPONSOR A RARE TREATMENT THAT MAY HAVE SAVED HIS WIFE, WHO IS DYING FROM HODGKIN'S DISEASE IN OTHER NEWS...



NOT FOR COMMISSIONER, YOUR HONOR. NOT ANYMORE. NO, IT'S UP TO YOU...

...TOUGH DECISION, TOO. GORDON'S POPULAR...

I KNOW THAT. DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW THAT? AND I'VE GIVEN IT A LOT OF THOUGHT. DALE'S LOOKING GOOD TO ME. HE'S AVAILABLE-- AND HE'S BLACK...



THE DUMP  
STRETCHES OUT  
OF SIGHT FROM  
THE FAR BANK  
OF THE WEST  
RIVER. I'M  
TOLD IT ENDS  
SOMEWHERE  
BEFORE THE  
FARMLANDS.

IT SMELLS OF  
ROT AND RUST--  
IT'S A BREEDING  
GROUND FOR  
INSECTS AND  
RODENTS.

I CUT THE  
ENGINE AND  
LISTEN TO ONE  
OF THE  
RODENTS.



THEY CALL US  
A GANG. THEY  
CALL US A MOB.  
THEY THINK WE  
JUST NOISY  
KIDS.

ONLY WHEN THEY  
DIE BY OUR HANDS  
AND SEE THEIR  
WOMEN RAPED  
WILL THEY KNOW...

--WE HAVE THE STRENGTH--  
WE HAVE THE WILL--AND  
NOW WE HAVE THE GUNS.

GOTHAM CITY  
BELONGS TO  
THE MUTANTS!



TAKE THE  
GUNS. TAKE  
THE BOMBS.  
STORM  
POLICE  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS.



KILL  
AND  
KILL.

BRING ME  
THE HEAD  
OF THE  
OLD  
MAN  
GORDON.



MY  
TRUNCHEON  
WILL CARRY  
IT THROUGH  
THE  
STREETS.



I LISTEN FOR  
AS LONG AS I  
CAN STOMACH  
IT...

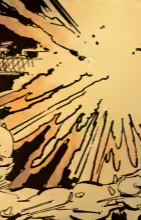


...THEN I  
LET THEM  
KNOW I'M  
HERE.

I SHALL  
CRUSH THE  
FOOL--



--BATMAN



B  
A  
T  
M  
A  
N

**MUTANTS!  
SURRENDER  
NOW-- OR BE  
DESTROYED!**

THE BATMOBILE-- THAT'S  
WHAT YOU CALLED IT, DICK.

KIND OF NAME A  
KID WOULD COME  
UP WITH...

**BAM BAM BIA  
BRAKABRAKABRA  
BLAM**

THEY DON'T  
EVEN WAIT  
FOR THE  
ORDER.

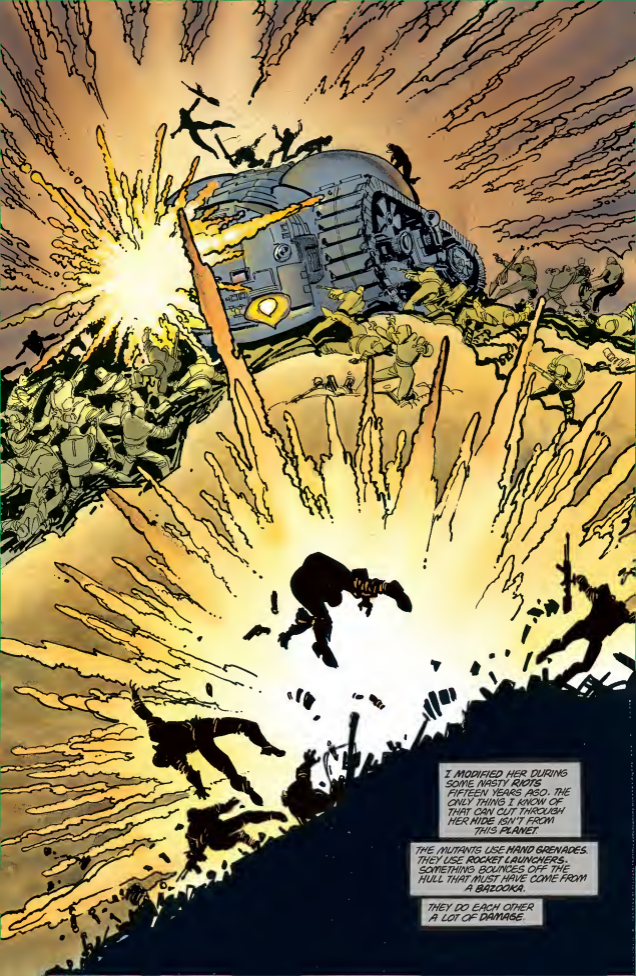
YOUNG PEOPLE  
THESE DAYS...

**PING  
PING  
PING**

**POOM  
POOM**

...NO RESPECT  
FOR HISTORY.

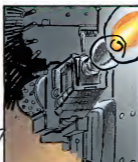




I MODIFIED HER DURING  
SOME NASTY RIOTS  
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. THE  
ONLY THING I KNOW OF  
THAT CAN CUT THROUGH  
HER HIDE ISN'T FROM  
THIS PLANET

THE MUTANTS USE HAND GRENADES.  
THEY USE ROCKET LAUNCHERS.  
SOMETHING BOUNCES OFF THE  
HULL THAT MUST HAVE COME FROM  
A BAZOOKA.

THEY DO EACH OTHER  
A LOT OF DAMAGE.



**BOOM!**

**BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDD**



GREAT DINNER, HON.

THANKS, BABE.

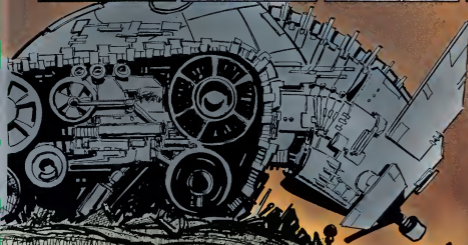
**FTT**

HEY...

...DIDN'T WE HAVE A KID...

**BATMAN!**

I CALL YOU COWARD!



COME OUT, COWARD-- FACE ME--

--I KILL YOU-- EAT YOU HEART--

THE LAST SHOTS HAVE STOPPED ECHOING... BUT THE MOANS AND CRIES WILL CONTINUE LONG INTO THE NIGHT...

I FEEL THE EMPTY SEAT BESIDE ME AND ONCE AGAIN I THINK OF YOU, DICK... I LOOK AT THE ONE CREATURE WHO ISN'T WOUNDED OR HIDING...

...WE NEVER FACED ANYTHINGS LIKE THIS...

WE ONLY FOUGHT HUMANS...





MASTER  
BRUCE-- COME  
IN, PLEASE  
-- MASTER  
BRUCE...

...BUT THERE  
HE IS, DICK  
-- THE  
MUTANT  
LEADER...



...A KIND  
OF EVIL WE  
NEVER  
DREAMED  
OF...



...THERE  
HE IS--  
SQUARE  
IN MY  
SIGHTS.



AND THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
THING TO  
DO ABOUT  
HIM THAT  
MAKES ANY  
SENSE TO  
ME--



...JUST PRESS  
THE TRIGGER  
AND BLAST  
HIM FROM  
THE FACE OF  
THE EARTH.



THOUGH THAT MEANS  
CROSSING A LINE I  
DREW FOR MYSELF,  
THIRTY YEARS AGO...

...I CAN'T THINK  
OF A SINGLE  
REASON TO LET  
HIM LIVE.

EXCEPT...



...EVERY MUSCLE  
A STEEL SPRING--  
READY TO  
LASH OUT--



--AND HE'S  
YOUNG...

...EXCEPT HE'S GOT  
EXACTLY THE KIND  
OF BODY I WISH HE  
DIDN'T HAVE...

...POWERFUL, WITHOUT  
ENOUGH BULK TO SLOW  
HIM DOWN...

...IN HIS  
PHYSICAL  
PRIME...



...AND I  
HONESTLY  
DON'T KNOW  
IF I COULD  
BEAT HIM.



MASTER  
BRUCE--  
YOU'VE SHUT  
DOWN  
THE  
WEAPONS!

CAN'T HAVE  
A BACK  
DOOR, ALFRED.  
MIGHT BE  
TEMPTED TO  
USE IT.



SIR, YOU  
CAN'T BE  
SERIOUS--

SIR...  
HE'LL  
KILL  
YOU--



COME ON,  
MAN-- YOU  
BORIN  
ME--





I MAKE HIM EAT SOME GARBAGE--



--THEN I HELP HIM SWALLOW IT.



A BEAUTY TO HIS SOLAR PLEXUS -- I WORRY HE MIGHT DROP TOO SOON--



--THEN HIS CLAWS DIG INTO MY BACK--



--HIS FILED TEETH LIKE RAZORS IN MY TRAPEZIUS--



YOU SLOW, MAN!

HE'S RIGHT- HE HAD ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD--

--HE SHOWS ME  
WHAT A FAST  
KICK IS--

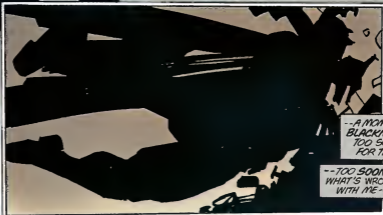


WUWUWUWU

--SOMETHING  
EXPLODES IN  
MY MIDSECTION--



--SUNLIGHT  
BEHIND MY  
EYES AS THE  
PAIN RISES--



--A MOMENT OF  
BLACKNESS--  
TOO SOON  
FOR THAT--

--TOO SOON--  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH ME--



NO--



--RIBS  
INTACT--  
  
--NO  
INTERNAL  
BLEEDING--



--LET IT  
LOOK  
WORSE  
THAN IT  
IS--



--LET HIM--  
GET CLOSE--  
  
--NOT YET--  
  
--NOT YET--

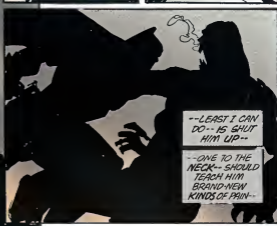


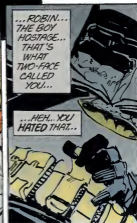
--GIVE HIM--  
EVERYTHING  
I'VE GOT--  
  
--HIS NECK--  
HOLDS--  
  
--HIS NOSE--  
SHATTERS--

--BONE BITES  
INTO MY  
KNUCKLES--



--THE  
IDIOT--  
  
--STARTS  
LAUGHING--







LUCKY...YOU'RE  
LUCKY I'M  
ALWAYS HERE...



...TO  
BAIL YOU  
OUT...



...DICK...



STILL  
ALIVE...

PORN STAR HOT GATES  
TODAY SIGNED A TWELVE-  
MILLION-DOLLAR CONTRACT  
WITH LANDMARK FILMS  
TO STAR IN A SCREEN  
VERSION OF SNOW WHITE.  
"I'M DOING IT FOR THE  
KIDS," SAYS GATES...

IN OTHER NEWS, GALAXY  
BROADCASTING PRESIDENT  
JAMES OLSEN ASSURED  
VIEWERS THAT THE TELEVISION  
WRITERS' STRIKE, NOW IN ITS  
FOURTH YEAR, WILL NOT  
AFFECT THE YEAR'S  
PROGRAMMING...



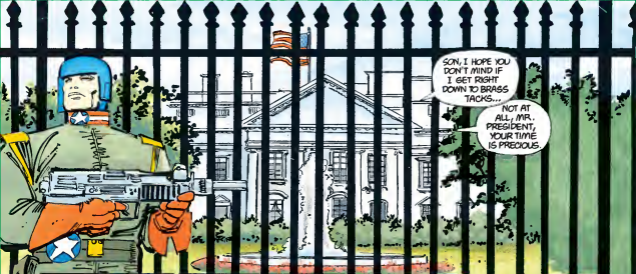
...THE POLITICAL PERFORMANCE  
COMMISSION HAS AWARDED  
THE PRESIDENT AN  
UNPRECEDENTED FIVE  
CREDIBILITY POINTS FOR  
HIS HANDLING OF PUBLIC  
PERCEPTION DURING THE  
ECONOMIC CRISIS...

...THIS JUST IN--EYEWITNESSES  
REPORT EXPLOSIONS  
RIPPING ACROSS THE  
GOTHAM DUMP A NEWS  
FOUR HELICOPTER IS ON  
ITS WAY, FOLKS...



GENTLY,  
NOW,  
GENTLY,  
GOOD  
GIRL.

NOW  
YOU JUST  
RUN ALONG  
HOME...



SON, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I GET RIGHT DOWN TO BRASS TACKS...

NOT AT ALL, MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR TIME IS PRECIOUS.



...WELL, SON, YOU KNOW I LIKE TO KEEP YOU OUT OF DOMESTIC AFFAIRS... WHAT WITH ALL THE RUCKUS YOU KICK UP.

YES, SIR.

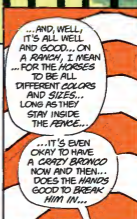


HERE... HAVE A MINT.

THANK YOU, SIR, BUT I'M NOT HUNGRY.



SON, I LIKE TO THINK I LEARNED EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT RUNNING THIS COUNTRY ON MY RANCH... I KNOW IT'S COWBOY, BUT I LIKE TO THINK IT...

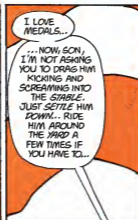


...IT'S EVEN OKAY TO HAVE A CRAZY BRONCO NOW AND THEN... DOES THE HANGS GOOD TO BREAK HIM IN...

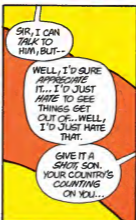


WORLD'S CHANGED, SON. IT'S NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS. I WISH IT WERE. I'D GIVE HIM A MEDAL. YOU WANT A MEDAL, SON?

NO, THANK YOU, SIR.



...NOW, SON, I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO DRAG HIM KICKING AND SCREAMING INTO THE STABLE. JUST SETTLE HIM DOWN... RIDE HIM AROUND THE YARD A FEW TIMES IF YOU HAVE TO...

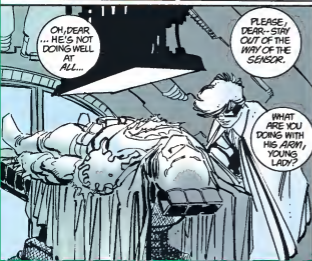


WELL, I'D SURE APPRECIATE IT... I'D JUST HATE TO SEE THINGS GET OUT OF... WELL, I'D JUST HATE THAT.

GIVE IT A SHOT, SON. YOUR COUNTRY'S COUNTING ON YOU...



GOOD BOY...



PLEASE, DEAR-- STAY OUT OF THE WAY OF THE SENSOR.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH HIS ARM, YOUNG LADY?

...A SCENE OF TOTAL WARFARE! EIGHTY-THREE MEMBERS OF THE MUTANT GANG HAVE BEEN FOUND, SUFFERING FROM BULLET AND SHRAPNEL WOUNDS.

AMONG THOSE CAPTURED BY POLICE IS THE MUTANT LEADER, WHO CLAIMS THE BATMAN USED MILITARY WEAPONS IN THE ATTACK-- AND ALSO CLAIMS TO HAVE DEFEATED THE BATMAN IN PERSONAL COMBAT...



BATMAN IS A COWARD.  
I BROKE HIS BONES. I  
CONQUERED THE FOOL. I  
MADE HIM BEG FOR MERCY.  
ONLY BY CHEATING DID  
HE ESCAPE ALIVE.

LET HIM GO TO HIS  
WOMEN. LET HIM LICK  
HIS WOUNDS. HIS DAY  
IS DONE. GOTHAM  
CITY BELONGS TO THE  
MUTANTS.



CAREFUL,  
MAN--YOU'RE  
BOUNCING AROUND  
TOO--

NO...  
...NOT...  
BOUNCING  
ME...DON'T  
WORRY...

STRETCHER'S...  
ON A GYROSCOPE...  
STAYS LEVEL...  
NO MATTER  
WHAT...

THAT'S  
KEEN.



I... KNOW  
WHAT SHE  
DID, ALFRED.

WHERE... DID  
YOU LEARN TO  
SET AN ARM...  
MAKE A SPLINT...?

GIRL  
SCOUTS.



WHAT'S...  
YOUR NAME...



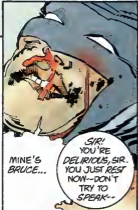
CARRIE.  
CARRIE  
KELLEY.



ROBIN.

NOW DON'T  
YOU STRAIN  
YOURSELF, SIR.  
YOU'VE GOT A  
LOT OF  
INTERNAL  
BLEEDING.

THIS  
YOUNG LADY  
WAS KIND  
ENOUGH TO  
HELP YOU  
ABOARD.



MINE'S  
BRUCE...

SIR!  
YOU'RE  
DELICIOUS, SIR.  
YOU JUST REST  
NOW--DON'T  
TRY TO  
SPEAK--



WE'RE  
ONLY MOMENTS  
FROM THE  
HOSPITAL--

NO...  
HOSPITAL,  
ALFRED...

...THE  
CAVE...



BUT  
SIR--

THE  
CAVE...

... AND  
ROBIN...  
COMES  
WITH  
US...

SOON MY ARMY WILL  
STORM GOTHAM CITY. SOON  
THE HEAD OF GORDON WILL  
BE CARRIED THROUGH THE  
STREETS. THEN I WILL HUNT  
YOUR NEW COP--YOUR  
WOMAN COP--AND I WILL



THE REST OF  
THE MUTANT LEADER'S  
STATEMENT IS  
UNFIT FOR  
BROADCAST.



I DON'T  
THINK YOU  
REALIZE  
WHAT YOU'RE  
SUGGESTING,  
DR. WOLPER.

HARVEY DENT  
DIDN'T EXACTLY  
BRING US  
POSITIVE  
PUBLICITY,  
AND THIS  
ONE...

IRKHAAT  
HOME  
FOR THE  
EMOTIONALLY TROUBLED

I KNOW,  
GLEN. I  
KNOW...

--BUT I'M NOT  
TALKING ABOUT  
A RELEASE. THIS  
WILL BE A  
CONTROLLED  
ENVIRONMENT--  
AND IT WOULD  
BE SO GOOD  
FOR HIM.

HIM  
I'M NOT  
WORRIED  
ABOUT.

DR. GLEN F  
CHIEF ADMIN



COME NOW, GLEN!  
HE'S BEEN  
NEARLY COMATOSE  
FOR MORE THAN  
A DECADE. IF  
YOU'D JUST  
TALK WITH HIM...  
FOR FIVE  
MINUTES,  
GLEN...

I DON'T  
KNOW.  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
...WELL...  
SOMETHING  
SUPERNATURAL  
ABOUT  
THAT ONE.

HIEF ADMINIS

NOW THAT'S A FINE WAY TO  
SPEAK IN A HOUSE OF MEDICINE,  
ISN'T IT? LISTEN-- PUT ALL  
THE GUARDS YOU WANT IN THE  
STUDIO, IF IT WILL MAKE YOU  
FEEL BETTER.

FIVE MINUTES,  
GLEN. HE IS A  
PATIENT.

LEN FORB  
ADMINISTRATOR



OKAY. ALL  
RIGHT.  
FIVE  
MINUTES.



'SCUSE ME, WE'RE  
HEADING STRAIGHT  
FOR A BRICK  
WALL.

DON'T...  
WORRY,  
ROBIN...



...IT'S JUST  
...A  
HOLOGRAM...

SIR-- I URGE YOU TO REJECT  
DR. WOLPER'S SUGGESTION.  
I DON'T DESERVE THIS  
CHARITY... MY CRIMES WERE  
HORRIBLE BEYOND  
ALL WORDS... I AM  
BEYOND  
REDEMPTION.

PLEASE-- JUST  
LOCK ME AWAY--  
FROM HUMAN  
MEMORY...





I LEAVE  
THEM  
BEHIND  
ME...



I LEAVE...  
IT ALL  
BEHIND  
ME...



I GO...  
...TO THE  
DARK  
PLACE...



...WHERE I  
FIRST MET  
YOU...  
...BEFORE MY  
PARENTS  
DIED...  
...BEFORE  
I LEARNED...  
WHAT I AM.



I'M DYING...  
BUT I  
CAN'T DIE...



I'M NOT  
FINISHED YET.  
...AND YOU'RE  
NOT FINISHED  
WITH ME.



THEN...  
...SOMETHING  
SHUFFLES  
OUT OF SIGHT...  
...SOMETHING  
SUCKS THE  
STALE AIR...



...AND  
HISSES.

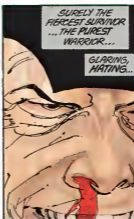


GLIDING  
WITH ANCIENT  
GRACE...



EYES GLEAMING,  
UNTROUCHED BY LOVE  
OR JOY OR SORROW...

BREATH HOT WITH THE  
TASTE OF FALLEN FOES...  
THE STENCH OF DEAD  
THINGS, DAMNED THINGS...



SURELY THE  
FERCEST SURVIVOR  
...THE PUREST  
WARRIOR...

GLARING,  
HATING...



...CLAIMING  
ME AS YOUR  
OWN.

WE WILL COME FOR OUR  
LEADER. WE WILL RAPE  
GOTHAM. WE WILL RAPE  
GOTHAM. WE WILL RAPE  
GOTHAM'S BLOOD.

ON HEARING THIS MESSAGE  
FROM THE MUTANTS,  
COMMISSIONER GORDON PUT  
HIMSELF AND HIS MEN  
ON TWENTY-FOUR HOUR  
ALERT--WHILE THE MAYOR  
WAS QUICK TO SPEAK OUT...

THIS WHOLE SITUATION IS  
THE RESULT OF GORDON'S  
INCOMPETENCE--AND OF  
THE TERRORIST ACTIONS OF  
THE BATMAN. I WISH TO  
SIT DOWN WITH THE  
MUTANT LEADER...TO  
NEGOTIATE A SETTLEMENT..

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK, TRISH?  
HIS HONOR  
GONE NUTS?



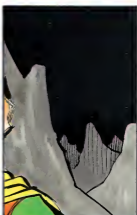
NOT AT ALL, BILL. FRANKLY  
I EXPECT THE MAYOR'S  
CREDIBILITY RATINGS TO  
GO THROUGH THE ROOF,  
ESPECIALLY IF HE'S  
SUCCESSFUL IN THE  
NEGOTIATIONS.

THIS, COMBINED WITH HIS  
STRONG STAND ON BATMAN--  
AND MAKING A WOMAN  
THE NEXT POLICE  
COMMISSIONER--WELL,  
I THINK WE'VE GOT A  
WHOLE NEW MAYOR ON  
OUR HANDS--

--PUBLIC  
PERCEPTION-  
WISE,  
THAT  
IS.



ALL THIS  
AND  
BRAINS TOO!



ARNOLD CRIMP FINGERS THE COLD STEEL THINGS IN HIS POCKET AND STARES AT THE MOVIE MARQUEE AND DOES NOT THROW UP.



HE THINKS ABOUT LED ZEPPELIN AND HOW THEY ARE TRYING TO KILL HIM.



HE HAD NOT KNOWN ABOUT LED ZEPPELIN UNTIL FATHER DON ON TV HAD EXPLAINED IT LAST NIGHT.

FATHER DON SAID THAT LED ZEPPELIN HAD A PRAYER TO SATAN IN THEIR SONG "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN."

THEY HAD IT VERY WELL. THEY RECORDED IT BACKWARDS.



ARNOLD CRIMP TOOK THE ALBUM FROM THE RECORD STORE WHERE HE WORKED UNTIL HE FIRED HIM THIS AFTERNOON AND TRANSFERRED "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN" TO TAPE.



THEN HE PLAYED THE TAPE BACKWARDS.

HE PLAYED IT FORTY-SEVEN TIMES UNTIL HE WAS ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT FATHER DON WAS RIGHT.



HE LOST HIS TEMPER AND BROKE THE RECORD INTO FOUR PIECES THAT WERE EXACTLY THE SAME SIZE.

THE YOUNG GIRL WHO WAS PAINTED JUST LIKE A WHORE SCREAMED FOR THE MANAGER AND THE MANAGER WALKED OUT FROM THE BACK ROOM AND WOULDN'T EVEN LISTEN AND FIRED ARNOLD CRIMP.

BUT THE YOUNG GIRL WHO WAS PAINTED LIKE A WHORE DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM.



THAT WAS THIS AFTERNOON, IN THE STORE, HE EXPLAINED IT TO HER VERY CAREFULLY. SHE SAID AWFUL WORDS.



THAT WAS THIS AFTERNOON, IN THE STORE.



EVERY MORNING AND EVENING UNTIL TONIGHT OF COURSE HE HAD WALKED SIX BLOCKS OUT OF HIS WAY TO AVOID THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.



IT'S WORSE THAN HE IMAGINED.

ROW ON ROW ON ROW ON ROW OF PICTURES OF WOMEN AND WORDS AND WORDS AND WORDS. HE STOPPED AT THIS ONE THE ONE HE IS IN RIGHT NOW AND READ THE TITLE THAT DID NOT MAKE HIM THROW UP.



THE TITLE IS "MY SWEET SATAN," WHICH IS WHAT ARNOLD CRIMP IS ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN HE HEARD WHEN HE PLAYED "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN" BACKWARDS.



ON THE SCREEN A NUN A NUN IS DOING SOMETHING AND SHE'S PAINTED EXACTLY LIKE A WHORE--



THREE SLAIN IN BATMAN-INSPIRED PORN THEATER SHOOT-OUT. DETAILS TO FOLLOW...





IRON MAN VASQUEZ CAN'T TASTE HIS SNICKERS BAR.

HE KNOWS HE SHOULD BE OUT OF HERE, OUT AND HOME, WAITING FOR BIGGERS TO SEND THE SIXTY DOLLARS. THIRTY FOR EACH LEG, HE THINKS, FEELING NOTHING.

FEELING NOTHING AND NOT TASTING HIS SNICKERS BAR.

HE PUSHES THROUGH THE COTTON IN HIS HEAD AND REMEMBERS THE LAST TIME HE FELT SOMETHINGS.



IT WAS IN THE FIRST AND ONLY ROUND OF HIS LAST FIGHT. HIS LAST FIGHT WHEN CAPTAIN WARRIOR HIT HIM ACROSS THE NOSE.



BROKEN NOSE VASQUEZ, BIGGERS HAD CALLED HIM. JUST LAUGHED WHEN IRON MAN CRIED LIKE A BABY AND BEGGED FOR ANOTHER FIGHT.

THEN BIGGERS PUT HIS FAT ARM AROUND IRON MAN'S SHOULDER AND TOLD HIM THE ONLY WAY HE COULD MAKE MONEY NOW.

SUDDENLY HIS EYES STING AND IRON MAN HURTS ALL OVER AND REALIZES HE'S READING ABOUT A MAN.

A MAN WHO DRESSES UP LIKE A MONSTER AND MAKES THINGS RIGHT.



THE NEXT TIME IRON MAN VASQUEZ FEELS SOMETHING, HE'S STANDING IN A RESTAURANT WITH SOMETHING ON HIS FACE AND A GUN IN HIS HAND.

HE HEARS A TRUCK BACKFIRE--



AND WHEN HE HEARS THE WOMAN SCREAM DOWN THE STREET, HE KNOWS HE SHOULD BE AFRAID.



INSTEAD HE'S LOOKING AT THE ALARM SYSTEM THAT COST HIM TWO MONTHS' PROFITS AND THE IRON BARS OVER HIS WINDOWS THAT MAKE HIS BEAUTIFUL SHOP LOOK LIKE A PRISON...



CRAZED WOULD-BE KILLER DRESSES AS BATMAN-- AFTER THIS...



A DEVOUT CATHOLIC, PEPPI SPANDECK CAN'T SAY HE APPROVES OF THIS BATMAN.



HE CAN FEEL HIS PULSE, JUST BELOW HIS EARS. HE KNOWS HE'S GONE CRAZY. BUT THE MUGGER IS RUINING, AFRAID, AFRAID OF PEPPI.

NOBODY IS HURT BADLY ENOUGH FOR THIS TO MAKE THE NEWS.



...AN UPDATE--THE MAYOR IS THIS MINUTE IN CONSULTATION WITH THE MUTANT LEADER, WHO HAS AGREED TO MEET HIM ALONE. MEANWHILE, THE MAYOR'S LEADERSHIP QUOTIENT HAS SOARED-- EXCUSE ME...



I'D EXPECTED THEM TO BE SCREAMING AND FIGHTING. BUT THEY STAND LIKE A CAPTIVE ARMY. I'D LIKE TO THINK THEY'RE CRAZY-- BUT HERE I AM, WALKING THE MAYOR TO MEET THEIR LEADER--



THE CELL DOOR OPENS. THE AIR GOES THICK. I FEEL THE MAYOR'S SHUDDER, IN TIME WITH ME.

I ASK HIM ONE MORE TIME IF HE IS SURE HE WANTS TO GO IT ALONE. HE GURGLIES, AND NODS.

I DON'T KNOW IF I'D CALL IT COURAGE.



I HEAR A NERVOUS GIGGLE AND AN ANIMAL GROWL.

I HEAR HANDCUFF LINKS SNAP.



I SEE SOMETHING I'LL TAKE TO MY GRAVE.

SOME IDIOT STOPS ME FROM DOING THE OBVIOUS THING.

...THE MAYOR IS DEAD.

THE MUTANT LEADER RIPPED THE MAYOR'S THROAT OUT WITH HIS TEETH. THE MUTANT HAS BEEN RETURNED TO HIS CELL. MORE ON THIS AS WE GET IT.





THAT'S RIGHT--WE'VE GOT POLICE VIDEOTAPE OF THE MAYOR'S MURDER! ONLY ON CHANNEL TWO! NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH. STAY TUNED.

SOVIET DESTROYERS HAVE BEEN SIGHTED IN THE WATERS OFF CORTO MALTESE... AND, IN GOTHAM CITY, IT ALSO LOOKS LIKE IMPENDING WAR-- AS THE CITY GIRLS ITSELF FOR THE MUTANT ATTACK...



CHECK WHAT'S COMIN', MAN-- SOME PIECE-- TASTY-- HEY-- IS THAT WHO I THINK-- IT IS--



HEY, SWEET PIECE-- WE GOT PLANS F YOU-- NIZE PLANS.



FRIGID BITCH-- WE CURE HER...

A FRIGHTENED SILENCE HAS FALLEN OVER GOTHAM. SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE URGENT WORDS OF DEPUTY MAYOR-- EXCUSE ME-- MAYOR STEVENSON...



IF THERE ARE ANY MEMBERS OF THE MUTANT ORGANIZATION LISTENING, PLEASE-- PLEASE-- WE ARE STILL OPEN TO NEGOTIATION...



YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH QUITE A LOT, MASTER BRUCE. IT FOLLOWS THAT YOUR JUDGMENT MAY BE IMPAIRED.

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, ALFRED?



IT'S THE GIRL, SIR.

CARRIE, SHE'S PERFECT.



SHE'S YOUNG. SHE'S SMART. SHE'S BRAVE.

WITH HER, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO END THIS MUTANT NONSENSE ONCE AND FOR ALL.



YOU SEE, IT ALL GETS DOWN TO THEIR LEADER. THEY WORSHIP HIM...



SHE'S A SWEET YOUNG CHILD.



SHE'S MORE THAN THAT.

VERY WELL, SIR. I SHALL COME RIGHT OUT WITH IT.



HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENED TO JASON?

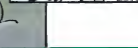
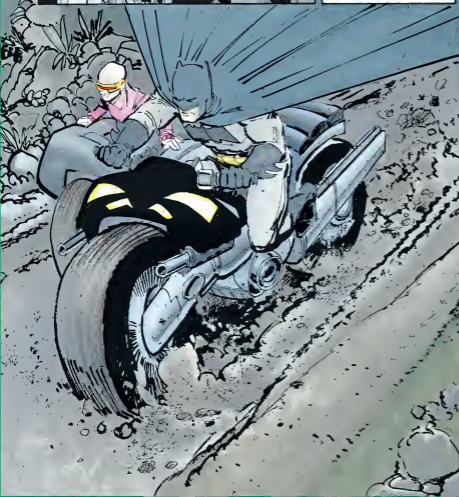
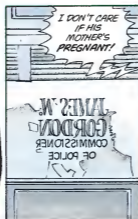


I WILL NEVER FORGET JASON. HE WAS A GOOD SOLDIER. HE HONORED ME.



BUT THE WAR GOES ON.

...PLEASE...



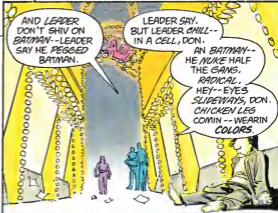


YOU GOT ANY KIDS, OFFICER?

SHUT UP.

THANK YOU. I DON'T THINK HE'S READ IT. HE ONLY SEEMED TO CARE HOW I FELT ABOUT BATMAN.

LET'S... NOT TALK ABOUT BATMAN, SHALL WE?



AND LEADER DON'T SHIV ON BATMAN--LEADER SAY HE PEGGED BATMAN.

LEADER SAY, BUT LEADER CHILL-- IN A CELL, DON.

AN BATMAN-- HE NUKE HALF THE GAYS. RADICAL. HEY-- EYES SLIDEWAYS, DON. CHICKEN LEG COMIN-- WEARIN COLORS.



THAT BATMAN-- HE NASTY. TOSSED SPIKE RIGHT THROUGH TH SIGN, DON.

I FIGURE THAT REAL COOL, ROB. FIGURE FIXIN THE SIGN DIDN 7 BILLY UP TH PRICE OF TH GAMES.



MY MON LICKEN CHESS--

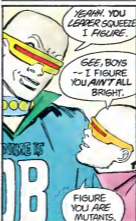
ALL LINES ARE BUSY.



CHESS KINDA MY NASTY, ROB.

CHESS BILLY... CHESS PRE-SCHOOL MUTANT.

LEADER TAKE YOU FACE F TOUCHIN ME, SPUD.



YEAHH, YOU LEADER SQUEEZE I FIGURE.

GEE, BOYS -- I FIGURE YOU AIN'T ALL BRIGHT.

FIGURE YOU ARE MUTANTS.



WE MUTANTS! WE SLICER-DICERS!

I'M SURE. THAT'S WHY YOU AT TH PIPE. I DON'T SHIV.



BAND! SHE DON'T SHIV.

AIN'T FAN, WHAT PIPE, CHICKEN LEG?

EARS ONLY, SPUD. AS IN MEMBERS.



WE MUTANTS! WHAT'S THIS PIPE?

PIPE, SPUD. WEST RIVER AND FORTY ATTENDANCE. AS IN MANDATORY.



SURE TH PIPE. WE HEARD.

DIDN'T HEAR IT FROM ME.

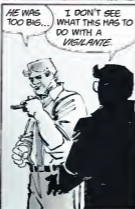
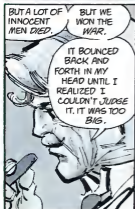
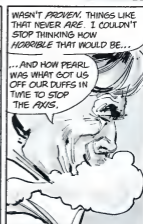
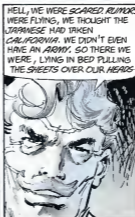
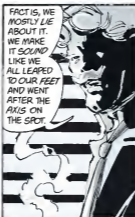
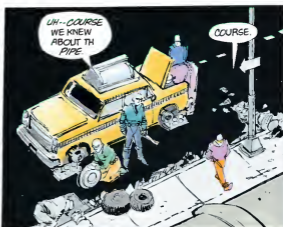
SPUD.

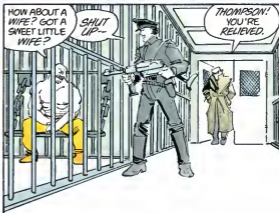
REAL COO, ROB.



JUST ASKING, OFFICER.

I LOVE KIDS.







YOU COME TO SAY HELLO, OLD MAN?  
NO.



I CAME TO SAY GOOD-BYE.



YOU SO DEAD, OLD MAN!



KLK



CHKCHAK



GOOD BOY, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH AN OPEN DOOR.

NOW, LET'S TRY A VENT. IT'S YOUR WAY OUT.



SPAKK



NGG

GOOD BOY.



OOFF!  
WUHU



GRRRR

FORGOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE DROP?

YOU'LL BE COMING ACROSS A HOLE SOON-- JUST ABOUT THE RIGHT SIZE FOR YOU.



THERE JUST CLIMB INTO THE PIPE.

REMEMBER-- RATS CARRY DISEASES.

DON'T EAT ANY.

SKWEE SKWEE SKWEE



SKWEE SKWEE SKWEE



CAN YOU SMELL THE RIVER YET?

SEE THE END OF THE PIPE?



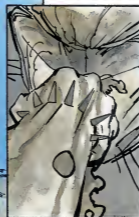
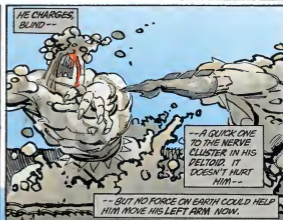
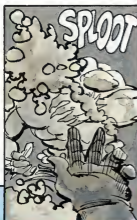
THE ONLY THING BETWEEN YOU--AND IT--



--IS ME.

GGRRAA







BLACKNESS--  
COMES IN FROM  
THE EDGES--

I GET SICK OF  
THE ARM--



-- AND KILL  
IT BELOW  
THE ELBOW.



HE SPINS-- AT  
THE PERFECT  
MOMENT

-- GOES FOR  
MY THROAT--

-- HAVE TO--  
TAKE US  
DOWN--



YOU DON'T  
... GET IT,  
BOY...  
THIS ISN'T  
A MUDHOLE...



...IT'S AN  
OPERATING  
TABLE.



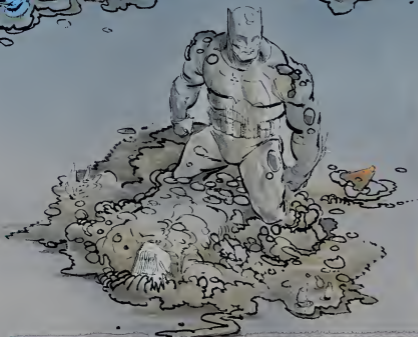
AND I'M THE  
SURGEON.



SOMETHING  
TELLS ME  
TO STOP  
WITH THE  
LEG.



I DON'T  
LISTEN  
TO IT.



THE MUTANTS ARE DEAD. THE MUTANTS ARE HISTORY. THIS IS THE MARK OF THE FUTURE. GOTHAM CITY BELONGS TO THE BATMAN.



JUST AS I PREDICTED--THE BATMAN HAS INFECTED THE YOUTH OF GOTHAM--POISONED THEM WITH AN INSIDIOUS EXCUSE FOR THE MOST VIOLENTLY ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR.

WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT LETTING THE MUTANT LEADER GO. ONCE HE IS **MOBILE** HE WILL BE ARRAIGNED--TO SEE IF HE IS FIT TO STAND TRIAL, OR THE VICTIM OF MENTAL ILLNESS.

**BATMAN?** I'M PLAIN TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT HIM, HIM AND HOW HE DOESN'T LET THINGS STOP HIM OR JUST LET THINGS GO THE WAY US HUMANS DO. WE COUNT TOO.

THOUGH SURROUNDED BY SINFULNESS AND TERROR, WE MUST NOT BECOME SO EMBITTERED THAT WE TAKE SATAN'S METHODS AS OUR OWN.



DO NOT EXPECT ANY FURTHER STATEMENTS, THE SONS OF THE BATMAN DO NOT TALK. WE ACT. LET GOTHAM'S CRIMINALS BEWARE. THEY ARE ABOUT TO ENTER HELL.



SO A BUNCH OF PSYCHOPATHS TURN ON CRIMINALS, INSTEAD OF INNOCENTS. FOR THIS YOU WANT TO BLAME BATMAN?



THE PRESIDENT IS CONCERNED, YOU CAN BANK ON THAT, PAL. BUT DON'T EXPECT HIM TO GO JUMPING IN ON GOTHAM'S OWN FINE MAJOR AND GOVERNOR. NO, SIR, THIS IS AMERICA.



I SAID NO COMMENT.

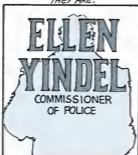


LET ME TELL YOU MY SECRET.



SEEMS EVERYBODY  
WANTS TO KNOW  
WHAT IT IS.

...THEY TELL ME I'M HANDLING  
IT WELL-- MY RETIREMENT,  
THAT IS-- THEY SMILE AND  
STARE AT ME, A LITTLE TOO  
OBVIOUS ABOUT HOW CURIOUS  
THEY ARE.



THEY WONDER HOW I CAN  
LEAVE IT BEHIND WITHOUT AT  
LEAST A MONTH OR TWO OF  
FEELING USELESS.



FIFTY YEARS OF THIS AND  
THEY WONDER.



LIFE WILL BE EASIER NOW. I  
WON'T FEEL LIKE DAD TO AN  
ENTIRE CITY OF SOULS. I  
WON'T BLEED WITH EVERY  
SINGLE ONE OF MY CHILDREN.



WHEN I THINK OF BRUCE--AND  
WHAT HE'S IN FOR... I DON'T  
THINK HE CAN POSSIBLY KNOW  
HOW MUCH I BENT AND  
BROKE THE RULES FOR HIM,  
ALL THESE YEARS...



...WHEN I THINK OF BRUCE--  
THEN, I WISH THEY HADN'T  
RETIRED ME. HE'S FINISHED.  
AND THERE'S NO WAY TO  
TELL HIM THAT.



AND NO  
POINT,  
I GUESS.

I WON'T BE SEEING HIM  
AGAIN. I MEAN, SURE, I'LL  
SEE HIM--HE'S THAT CLOSE  
TO POLICE. BUT I'M OUT OF  
THE PICTURE NOW. OUT OF  
HIS PICTURE.



I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU MY  
SECRET. THE ONE I'LL TELL  
NOBODY AT THE BANQUET--



--GOD, WHAT WILL  
I SAY AT THE  
BANQUET?--

--IT'S A  
SIMPLE  
SECRET.



I THINK OF  
SARAH.

THE REST IS EASY.



THE WIND RISES,  
TEARING DEAD  
LEAVES FREE.



FROGS CROAK  
LIKE A CARTOON  
CAR ALARM.  
CRICKETS PICK  
UP THE CHORUS.



A  
WOLF  
HOWLS.



I KNOW  
HOW HE FEELS.

NEXT:

HUNT  
THE  
DARK  
KNIGHT

**FRANK MILLER**

Story & Pencils

**KLAUS JANSON**

Inks

**LYNN VARLEY**

Colors & Visual Effects

**JOHN COSTANZA**

Letters

**JENETTE KAHN**

President & Publisher

**DICK GIORDANO**

Co-Editor

**DENNY O'NEIL**

Co-Editor

**RICHARD BRUNING**

Art Director

**BOB ROZAKIS**

Production Manager

**PAT BASTIENNE**

Mgr. Editorial Coord.

**TERRI CUNNINGHAM**

Mgr. Editorial Admin.

**PAUL LEVITZ**

Executive V.P.

**JOE ORLANDO**

V.P.-Creative Director

**ED SHUKIN**

V.P.-Circulation

**BRUCE BRISTOW**

Marketing Director

**PATRICK CALDON**

Controller

FROM THE WRITER OF  
300 & SIN CITY

# FRANK MILLER

Frank Miller's classic graphic novel features a Gotham City that has sunk into decadence and lawlessness ten years after an aging Batman retired. The Dark Knight returns in a blaze of glory when his city needs him most to end the threat of a brutal new generation of criminals while encountering the Joker, Two-Face and the Man of Steel for the final time.

*"Groundbreaking."*  
- USA TODAY

*"It's film noir in cartoon panels."*  
- VANITY FAIR



BATMAN:  
THE DARK KNIGHT  
STRIKES AGAIN



BATMAN: YEAR ONE



with  
DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

ALL STAR BATMAN & ROBIN,  
THE BOY WONDER VOL. I



with  
JIM LEE

Use the **BUY IN PRINT** feature to find a comics shop near you.  
Check back here every week for **NEW DIGITAL RELEASES!**